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SOLDIER of MISFORTUNE

**ONE MAN'S
HARROWING
BATTLE TO
PRESERVE
HIS GENDER!**

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THE INSTANT I SAW YOU, I knew I had to have you.

I do not commonly habituate sleazy bars and dives; but every once in a while certain... *urges* get the best of me, and I seek out such disreputable establishments as Randy's Roadhouse. That is how I came to be sitting quietly in one dimly-lit corner of the bar, sipping on what passed for a white wine when you swaggered in to the off-base roadhouse.

I know you didn't notice me in the smoke-filled den of iniquity; but I certainly noticed you. Smugly splendid—and splendidly smug—in your newly-won uniform, eyeing the women in the establishment with a certain possessiveness. It was as if you were certain you could have any or all of the women you saw, and were merely deciding which ones deserved your attention...



Oh, yes—I saw you, and you were *perfect*.

Which was why, other than watch you shamelessly—and rather vulgarly—hit on the women in the club, I did nothing.

Nothing but watch.

Watch... and wait.

It didn't take long at all to determine the 'type' of woman—other than 'breathing', which as far as I can tell, was your *main* criteria—that you preferred; after that, it wasn't all that hard to figure out which of the women available currently personified that particular 'type'.

In this case, it was Tawni—you *do* remember Tawni, don't you? Oh, perhaps not by name (since I noticed such trivial details really didn't seem all that important to you), but since you went home with her and had quite the long, rather violent night of sexual gratification, I'm sure you at least remember her body.

You're welcome, by the way.

What? You thought even a woman as depraved and degraded as Tawni was won by your supposed charm? Oh, no, my friend—I paid her quite a bit of money to take you home and give you one hell of a sexual send-off...

Well, now—that's not very fair at all. In fact, at the time the price she quoted for 'fucking your brains out' was actually quite low; I would have normally put that down to her merely being a cheap whore, were it not for the fact that the next day, when I came to pick you up, she confided that she would have done the 'fucking' for free, had she known the quality she was getting. So I suppose you should be given that, at least.

Nevertheless, I did end up paying her most handsomely—if not for the sex itself, then for the little something she slipped you at the end of the

evening. A ‘mickey’ is the proper term, I understand? Surprisingly, although I had come prepared with several of my own methods of incapacitation, it turned out that Tawni had a supply of her own, for what she referred to as ‘rolling Johns’; so, even without my presence at Randy’s, you probably would have had much the same overall evening, I would think.

In a way, it was almost as if you were fated to end up first fucked out of your right mind, then drugged out of it. As it happened, however, you were to lose more than merely your wallet in this particular case...

As it happened, it was incredibly easy for me to get you loaded into a van and taken to my own, personally-designed facility. I had no trouble getting you unloaded, undressed, and prepped, all while you were blissfully, deliriously unconscious.

Oh—and allow me to say, I’m sure that it was Tawni’s lack of education that led to her understandable mistake in terminology—I am certain she meant that she was impressed by the quantity, rather than the quality, of the night before.



Oh, my, yes.

It wasn't so much that you were a perfect male specimen—no, you were a perfect specimen of those traits found to be masculine. Absolutely every square inch of you was a testament to those aspects considered 'masculine', with everything even possibly countervailing—'feminine'—stripped away. Something that, both physically and mentally, had only been further refined by the intense military training you had just undergone.

So, as I mentioned, for my own rather peculiar tastes, you *were* 'perfect'... for a given value of perfection.

Which was exactly what made what was to follow all the more utterly, completely, and devilishly perfect for me; the very fact of your *über* masculinity was the most powerful aphrodisiac I had ever encountered.

So, if it gives you either any comfort or any pleasure to know, I had to masturbate quite extensively over your ‘masculine perfection’ before I was ready to proceed.

Of course, I am certain that my masturbation session wasn’t nearly as ‘extensive’ as you would have preferred. All things considered, I am sure you would have preferred it to last somewhat longer—say, for the duration of the rest of your natural lifespan...

For a great many social, psychological, and physical reasons, however, that simply wasn’t to be. Even with that not-so-minor ‘distraction’, I was well prepared to move onwards long before you came out of the drug-induced coma you’d been placed in by my erstwhile associate.

At this time, vanity and pride alike compel me to take some little time to describe not only what you experienced, but the sheer amount of time, money, effort—and, dare I say, genius?—it took to arrange everything necessary for both preparations and procedures. After all, it is no trivial thing to develop an electromechanical delivery system for a biochemical cocktail, much less to develop said biochemical cocktail in the first place.

It was certainly well worth the effort to do so, however, for the purpose of the end product was nothing short of revolutionary—a biochemical ‘training program’ that would convince your own body to convert proto-masculine hormones into pseudo-feminine ones. All in all, you should be both impressed and humbled by the effort it took to achieve all of this; to quote that old guy in that dinosaur movie, I ‘spared no expense’.

Not that you *seemed* particularly impressed or humbled by my design once I finally allowed you to regain consciousness...



...but, then again, I might have been mistaken about your level of appreciation. After all, you were hardly in a position to be able to tell me about your feelings on the subject, now were you?

I realize I really should apologize for forcing you to consume large amounts of your own, albeit highly chemically modified, semen... but I won't.

I'm not nearly that big a hypocrite, you see.

In fact... I enjoyed it. Immensely.

Of course, what you were getting was so modified as to bear little resemblance to actual 'cum'; and even then, the chemically modified semen was mixed liberally with other boosters, hormones, and a highly-regulated vitamin and mineral regimen. Since the resulting 'cocktail' was pumped directly down your throat and into your stomach, you didn't even have to taste or feel it... much.

Besides, I suppose that the oft-incurring forced ejaculations necessary to generate the seminal component served as a strong distraction, in any case.

I must say, the effects of the biochemical cocktail, along with the forced inactivity and the electronic muscle stimulation, was entirely... gratifying. Watching all that marvelously masculine mass slowly but surely

fade away, while the hormonal effects proceeded apace on primary and secondary sexual characteristics alike, was utterly delightful!

For me, at least...

Of course, you were a *little* less enthusiastic about the whole thing; my magnificent program was working wonders upon you, physically, but mentally...?

Well, I certainly couldn't have you entirely resistant, now could I?

Which was why I developed the training regimen that I did.



I'm quite sure you remember it vividly—after all, considering that the computers constantly monitored the electrical activity in your brain, delivering jolts directly to the pleasure and pain centers of the brain determined solely on whether the thoughts you were having were 'right' thoughts or 'wrong' ones (entirely by my definition of 'right' and 'wrong', I admit), must be quite memorable.

I must say, I thoroughly enjoyed watching you struggle to resist... especially as your body had now been 'trained' to do the biochemical conversion without outside assistance. Oh, not that I stopped feeding you a carefully tailored drug-and-hormone diet along with the carefully selected food I let you eat. Your body was now basically creating a feminine equivalent in hormones and blood chemicals, but I still needed to 'enhance' them to do more than simply maintain you at the same level—and I had no intention of stopping now...

No matter how deliciously cute you looked with your new breasts thrust from your slimmed-down ribcage.

Still the 'brain trainer' could only guide your existing thoughts; it could not 'implant' new ones. No, when it came to acquiring the necessary feminine skills I was determined for you to have, I had to do it the old-fashioned way.



My, but weren't you the rebellious little maid?

Unhappy with the pretty uniform I gave you, complaining about the steadily higher heels I had you walk in, nearly unwilling to perform your menial duties—and nearly incompetent in performing said duties, when you finally did them...

A lesser person might have given up on you.

Oh, certainly, you couldn't actively resist, not in the literal sense; going directly against me was out of the question. Your passive resistance, your willing incompetence, however, were energetic enough to try the patience of a saint.

While certainly no saint, I nevertheless persevered.

Day after dreary day I stood over you, watching and critiquing as you learned how to do your makeup. Long, arduous hours I spent on showing you how to properly care for and style your ever-longer hair. Feminine fashion and style, pose and poise, walk and talk... you needed all of these skills and habits, and despite a lifetime during which you mistakenly believed you were ‘girl watching’, you somehow never even picked up the most basic concepts of femininity, at least in the practical ‘how do they do it’ sense. You certainly were attentive to end results, but never once in your male life stopped to figure out how much effort—and hence, what the effort would be—needed to achieve the results you so ardently admired.

Well, will ye or nil ye, you were going to learn them now.

I persevered... and, despite your intransigence, when the six-month anniversary of our first meeting rolled around, I decided you had enough of the essentials down to deserve an outing.

I, of course, took you to ‘our place’, the place where we had met... Randy’s.

Well, I *say* ‘took’, but perhaps ‘sent’ would be more accurate.

Oh, I was there, certainly—I wouldn’t have missed it for the world! However, as I pointed out, you didn’t even notice me that first night; since then, you had never seen my face, and so could not know who I was.

Nevertheless, I had the proverbial ringside seat from which to watch you squirm and writhe in humiliations both real and imagined.

Oh, but if only you had not been so stubborn, hadn't passively resisted so enthusiastically; perhaps then you would have been feminine enough in appearance and attitude not to have to face a barroom full of largely homophobic cretins who could not decide what, exactly, you were.

Well, those sober enough to make such determinations, I should say—that one drunk man certainly seemed to believe you 'all woman', and had no problems at all making his interest known.



Since I had ‘brain trained’ you never to leave a bar or club except at the express invitation of a man (several times, actually, but most intensively that very evening), I suspect that, on a certain level, you were extremely happy to meet your drunken admirer. I know that you seemed to find a kind of horrified, humiliated relief in dealing with a bar patron who didn’t (sometimes vocally) regard you as some sort of ‘sissy faggot’ or ‘freak’.

Oh, it was pure delight to watch you—*you*, who fought so valiantly against acting any more feminine than I absolutely forced you to—put on the best ‘I *am* all woman’ show you could for that guy...

Now, to provide an honest critique here, your resistance to learning how ‘real’ women thought and behaved meant that your little routine was closer to burlesque than Broadway—but your drunken admirer certainly ate it up... as did I, of course, albeit for radically different reasons.

You, of course, experienced little of that nearly orgasmic delight I enjoyed from watching your trials and tribulations, but you must certainly have felt delightful hope at his suggestion that the two of you ‘blow this dump’—I certainly was delighted by the look on your face when, instead of leading you out into the relatively well-lit and very public parking lot, he guided you toward the door to the dimly-lit back alley.

Although he failed to notice, I saw the hesitation; I understood the calculations you were making, trying to decide whether to turn this guy

down in hopes of finding another guy; I saw you consider the other men and resign yourself.

I saw you leave.

Now, of course, I couldn't exactly follow you out, more's the pity—but the footage from the security camera, grainy as it was, more than supplied the details to delight me.

I saw it all.

I wonder if he was even aware of your extreme reluctance as he tried to feel you up... but I do know I was delighted by your slow surrender, gradually letting him get a little bit further even as you tried to convince him to call a cab for the two of you.

While he might have missed it all, I certainly caught the humiliation as you let him fondle your lovely new breasts while you desperately tried to arrange this into your bid for freedom. How much hope must have been mixed with that humiliation, as you believed yourself close to running off for help, escaping this situation you found yourself in...?

...right up until he shoved his hand down your panties and, even in his inebriated state, determined that there was something... *different* about you.

Oh, I wonder exactly what went through your mind as, at his hands, you suffered the very fate you had spent an entire evening—and what little

masculine pride you had left—trying to avoid.

Especially since, in his drunken rage, he was entirely enthusiastic in his... chastisement.

So much so that he seemed to feel rather... guilty ...about it all.

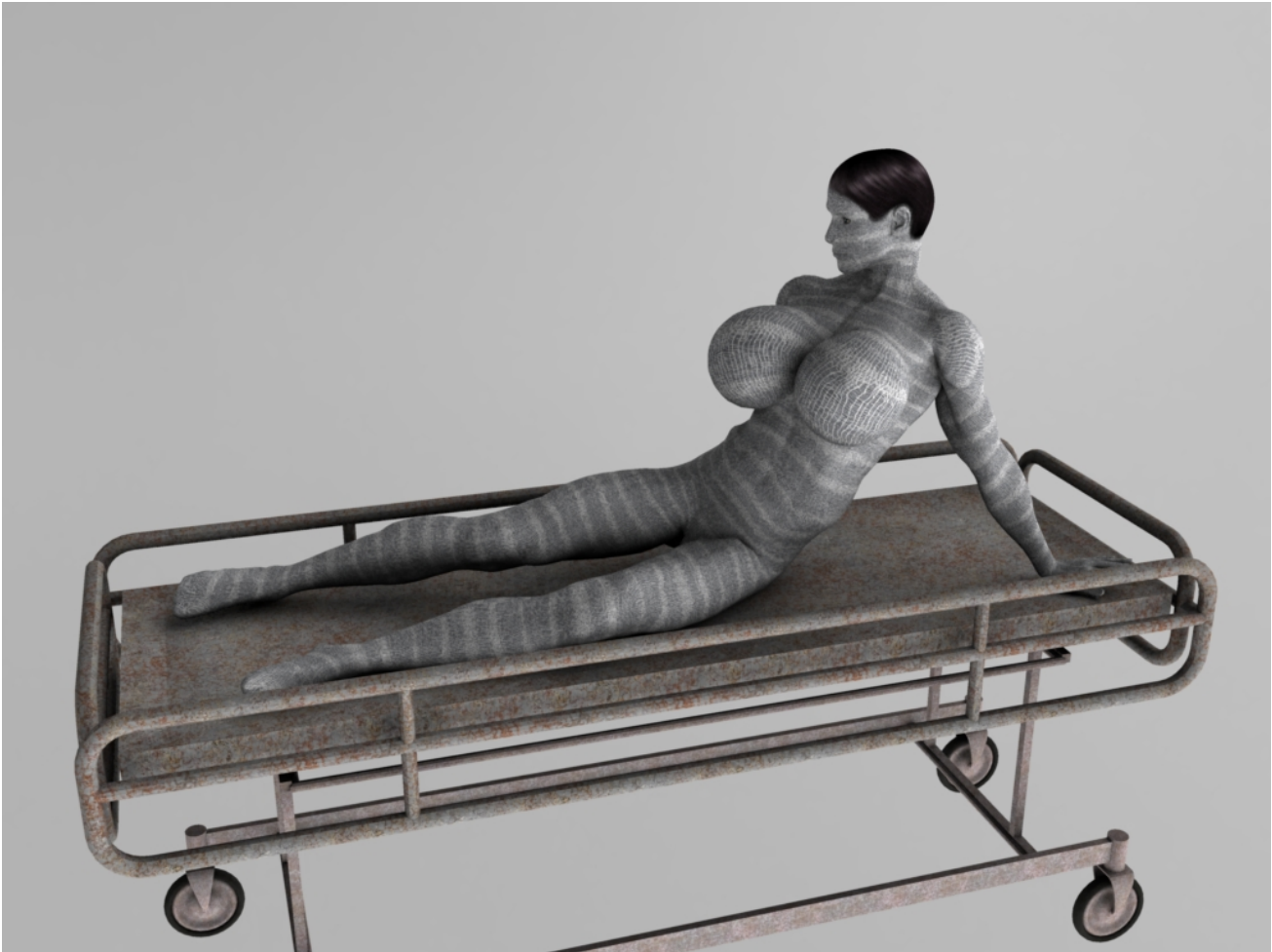
Judging from the way he fled, at any rate.



Now, of course, I certainly don't condone that sort of thing... well, conceptually, you understand. As in, when a person, genetically female or otherwise, is attacked and/or beaten by a man who believes that person to be a fully realized and self-directed individual.

Not that you qualify under that scenario, of course—but he certainly didn't know that!

Which was why I took the time to track him down and provide a certain sort of 'direct physical trauma' of his own to experience...



...but that is a whole other story, of course; one that you were not even aware of at the time. It does remain at least tangentially relevant to you, however, as the fact that I had to have the surgical suite prepared for him is why I decided to do more than merely treat your injuries.

Oh, nothing too extreme, of course—no, given the results of your outing, I decided you just needed a little ‘help’. Sure, the adjustable—or ‘inflatable’—breast implants I slipped in via tiny incision just below your areolae was a bit gratuitous at the time, but I didn’t even fill them enough to bump you up a whole cup-size, so I really don’t see what you were so fundamentally incensed about.

The work on your jaw and cheekbones was, to a degree, simply a medical necessity—however, I decided that the reconstruction could be more than simply rebuilding the original; there was absolutely no reason not to provide a little improvement at the same time.

Not that you necessarily agreed that it *was* an ‘improvement’, of course—although you were much more vocal about the injections to plump up your lips. Given your objections to being feminized at all, I can understand your main objections—but I have to admit to being rather impressed with your impassioned declamation that ‘the bastard gave me a fat lip—and you went and made it permanent!’

Well—given that you had not yet even healed from the collagen injections, much less gotten used to them, you weren’t nearly that comprehensible when you made that very cogent point.

So, I have to bow my head, and apologize for laughing—repeatedly—every time you angrily berated me about your new ‘wipfz’.

Er... yes, and I apologize for laughing again, just now, simply remembering it...

Besides, there was only the barest trace of a lisp left by the time I took—sent—you to Randy's. After all, you had tried so hard, and gotten so close, the last time; you clearly deserved a second chance...

...and I'm sure that even you have to admit that the 'touch up' work I did, especially on the lips, played such a big part in how things turned out the second time around.

Oh, sure, some of the regulars—of which the majority of the clientele was composed—knew you were the same 'freak' as before, causing you to undergo the same humiliations... but that new guy clearly didn't know you from Adam... excuse me, from Eve ...and he certainly appreciated the 'new look' you were sporting.



I mean, after all that complaining you did about the re-evaluated and redirected training program I initiated while you healed, and look how wonderfully it paid off! You didn't have to work even half as hard to keep the guy's attention, looking the way you did.

Okay, okay—I can see how that might not have been a positive aspect of the situation for you, given how you felt about what I was putting you through. Still, once again you felt that horrible hope, and went through your humiliating 'all woman' routine—and you *have* to admit that I perfectly matched your new look to your over-the-top rendition of femininity.

Last time, you were forced to endure the public humiliations for several hours before the drunken guy got around to ‘inviting you to the world’—this round, it took less than half the time... although the look on your face when he also wanted to use the back door was every bit as despairing as when it had taken you several hours to get to that point last time around.

Again, the show via security camera was more than worth the price of admission, so to speak. I don’t mean the humiliated, manifestly unhappy way you ‘fooled around’ with the guy, letting him play around with your (just very slightly, for God’s sake!) enlarged breasts... I mean the look on your face when, when he started getting ‘hot and heavy’, you obviously could think of one, and only one, way to keep his ‘interest’ without giving away your ‘secret’. Watching you oh-so-unwillingly sink ‘willingly’ to your knees, forcing yourself to convince the guy to let you give him a blow-job rather than fucking you... and then you did.

Oh God, that was amazing.

For me, at least. Less so for you, of course—and for him, too, unfortunately.

Yes, yes, I know it was your very first time sucking cock; I know that you didn’t even want to be doing it... but I also know that you thought that if you made him happy enough, you could get him to call you a cab.

You knew full well every extent to which I have ‘brain trained’ you... and you knew that while trying to leave on your own recognizance would cause intolerable agony, if a *guy* ‘permitted’ you to leave, you could do so.

All in all, it added up to a blow-job that lacked everything in experience and technique, but had a certain sort of... desperate enthusiasm, shall we say?



I rather gathered that you weren't exactly an aficionado of cum, given your expression... but while ‘spitting’ is, indeed, a viable, if less desirable, alternative to ‘swallowing’, your version was just a little bit... extreme.

Especially the projectile vomiting.

I mean, sure, I don't expect to see cum-flavored Coke on the market any time soon, but it isn't *that* disgusting...!

...unless, of course, I am doing you a gross disservice, and it was all an act—well, at least, an exaggeration. After all, it did do the trick—it got exactly the response you wanted in that situation, with the guying telling you to go.

Well, to 'fuck off, you whiny bitch', to be exact—but you certainly knew it counted, by the alacrity with which you fled the alley.



Now, as you quickly realized, I'd had the foresight to have the 'cab' waiting—and, oh, how I will forever treasure that look on your face as you jumped in, breathlessly demanding to be taken to the police—only, somewhat belatedly, to realize that *I* was your driver.

Of course, your (utterly impotent) cursing and demanding turned into something very much like confusion when I drove us to that salon—but given how well you had performed, and how quickly, I had decided you deserved a special treat.

Although I know you weren't exactly wildly excited to have your makeup redone and your hair volumized to the maximum, but you took it with surprisingly good grace—as did you take the delightful new ensemble I put together for you. Oh, you grumbled about the 'fetish' nature of all that latex, but you certainly dressed quickly and obediently enough.

Even when you found out it was all for a special fetish fashion show, you were surprisingly sanguine...



...you just weren't the least bit enthusiastic about it.

I mean, let's face it—when the time came for you to 'strut your stuff', your previously burlesque-level abilities seemed to desert you. Your performance was, at best, lackluster.

Wooden, forced, and almost painfully uptight might be a much better description of it, actually.

Now, considering that I had spent a lot of time and energy on arranging the whole thing on the off chance that you might do well enough at Randy's to merit it, I was a bit peeved about the whole thing...

...which is why I provided you that list of ‘options’ during the backstage break.

You didn’t exactly seem enamored by any of my ‘helpful suggestions’ for loosening you up before you went back out there for a second try—but in the end (no pun intended), I want you to remember that it was you who chose to have me put on the strap-on and ‘fuck you good and hard up the ass’, as you so elegantly phrased it during the ‘begging for it’ part of that option.

To be honest, that performance was wooden and lackluster as well, but I was kind enough to let it slide, treating it all as if you meant every word of it.

All things considered, I was rather amazed at how your ‘performance’ improved while I was actually anally penetrating you—in fact, despite your later vehement denials, I’m certain that it wasn’t an act at all.



You actually enjoyed a good, hard fucking up the ass, didn't you?

Sure, you deny it, loudly—but, weren't you panting and moaning the whole time?

Weren't you desperately—and not entirely successfully—struggling to suppress screams of orgasmic pleasure?

Did you not have to change your panties right after?

Oh—you didn't think I noticed you were 'going commando' after our little motivational break? Indeed I did—in fact, I went and checked out that bathroom you fled into, blushing beet-red and sobbing, after we were done.

You can probably guess what I found.

Well, thanks to the effects my wonder-drugs have had on your body, there wasn't much actual cum in the panties—but your pathetic little clitty-cock had enough seminal fluid left that I can see why you disposed of them, aside from the humiliation value of having to walk around in cum-stained panties that reminded you how you'd orgasmed from being ass-fucked.

Besides, aside from all that, there was the way you performed during your second time up on stage. This time, you were much more 'into' it...



...which was why I decided you were ready for your final round of training.

Now, I hadn't originally intended for it to be your final stage, you understand; I had taken my original planned sequence using Tawni more or less as a template—and I'm sure you remember Tawni being more... *emphatically* feminine in physique, if you take my meaning. However, given your second performance on the runway, I decided that turning you into a hooker would be a waste of your obvious talents.

Instead, I simply decided that—assuming you did succeed—you would stop at a success that Tawni missed, and thus not have to go on to her lifestyle having failed.

Not that your success was guaranteed, by any measure—oh, my, no! I'm sure you remember full well how difficult the training for your new life position was; after all, you had just very recently managed to master walking in high heels, and here I was, demanding that you learn to dance in even higher-heeled platform pumps!

Of course, being informed that the price of failing your 'exotic dancer' lesson was to end up in your fallback position as 'hooker' certainly seemed to improve your determination to master the skills... especially since you were quite clearly informed that, in order to fully fulfill the 'whore'

position, were you to fail, I would have to take away your little sissy-cock and give you a nice little pussy for your clients to fuck.

To be honest, I simply don't believe that your horror of ending up a whore was entirely unconflicted—considering how you reacted to being fucked up the ass with that strap-on, I think part of you was thinking about the sex... but, of course, sex of some sort wasn't completely out of the picture as a sissy stripper, it simply wasn't either as mandatory nor guaranteed as it would be for a hooker.

Still, for a while there I thought I might have to take it that far—although, I do have to admit, watching you fall off those heels time and time again during ungainly and uncoordinated gyrations was certainly entertaining, for me at least!

Now, I do admit I yelled at you at one point—but, for God's sake, did you really believe that simply being female somehow gave women feet that were somehow naturally more suitable for high heels? Every stripper you had ever seen up on stage had to not only learn the same things you were learning, but had to put up with the same aches, pains, and strains as you!

In fact, greatly 'enhanced' women, such as Tawni, have considerably more aches and pains, especially in the lower back.

Well, you began using liniments and lotions, icing down some muscles after a practice routine, soaking others in heat... and slowly but

surely, you began to develop both a resistance and a routine that worked for being able to put the very unusual strains on your muscles that any stripper has to learn to endure.

With your endurance came greater ability to control your body, not to mention a greater ability to ‘try, try again’... and, despite my concerns, you gradually began to improve.

Oh, how incredibly proud of you I was that day, when you walked in to that club for the open auditions they were holding for new house dancers!

You might not have been the most skilled or experienced dancer there, but your hard work—coupled as it was with your desperation—certainly paid off! You got right up on that stage and wrapped yourself around that pole like you were fated to be there!



I suppose, in a sense, you were—and it was certainly good enough to get you the job!

All in all, that was the end of my ‘official’ part in your little life-lesson; not that I vanished completely.

Since you still couldn’t know what I look like, I could mingle in with the other patrons and enjoy your show without having to worry about being ‘caught’.

I mean, after all, you were out on your own now, out of my direct supervision—you could have finally taken the opportunity to tell your story to the authorities. Given that you were still, technically, male, they

might even have believed you... except that I found it difficult to believe that the club would have continued to employ you, had they known your shameful little secret...

Of course, I wasn't there to see any of it, but I could imagine the combination of shame and horror you must have felt, having to desperately hide that last little bit of evidence that would reveal your true gender. I know you never wanted to look at all feminine, much less good enough to be a stripper—yet, at the same time, you needed to be even more apparently feminine than you really were, if for no other reason than to keep your job.

Given the extremely flimsy 'persona' you left me with, not to mention lack of cash, you needed that job—a job where you could use any name you liked, were asked few questions, and were paid relatively well and in cash. Oh, sure, you were slowly building up a 'history' for your newly-chosen feminine identity, but the very things that might make the truth believable would also get you fired and shunned, and where would you have been then?

Which was why I continued to believe that you were dedicated to hiding in your role, since there was no way the truth could ever make you 'normal' nor cause me to 'get mine' in revenge for what I had done to you...

...which is why I was not only flabbergasted, but terrified when you came up to me in the club that night.

Not the approach itself, you understand—after all, you always ‘worked the floor’ between sets. No, it was you sitting down across from me and quietly telling me that you knew who I was that floored me and frightened me simultaneously.

How the hell did you ever figure out that I was a man under that suit! People can’t even tell when I’m at the beach ‘en femme’ in a bikini, and *you* managed to correctly identify me by basic body type?

Well, I suppose I had underestimated just how much attention you had used to pay to a woman—and women’s bodies...

...and how much attention you were now paying to *men’s* bodies.

In fact, you figuring out I was a bisexual bivestite was much more of a shock to me than your request. After all, plenty of ‘actual’ women made this their normal, everyday life, and it was full of normal, everyday pains and pleasures... and being on the outside, looking in and all-but-crying from your exclusion... I could fully understand your decision, even if it did startle me.

Nevertheless, I do have to say, now that nobody will ever know what you began as, you’ve made a surprisingly successful little life for yourself as

a woman. From what I understand, your boyfriend certainly seems to enjoy your new womanhood...

...and if the fact that you are 'barren' might be a problem to your love-life one day, that *is* a problem some natural women have to deal with, as well.

Well, should that ever become an issue, you can always adopt, right?

After all, you should know better than anyone that genetics are not the end-all and be-all. It's not what a person is born as...

...it's what you make of them that matters.

THE END

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GENTLEMAN'S

CLUB



**YOUR BEST GUIDE
TO EXOTIC DANCERS**

